instants as when the *voix d'or* of Sarah Bernhardt lets drip in golden tears "Je donnerais toute ma vie pour une heure." With distant waltz music heard on a hot night in the plains of India through the perfume of yellow roses. From the swell of the organ in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral, and the flight of the falcons round the spire, as one stands after evening prayer on the green sward outside that gorgeous memory of an unknown man, while the waning light glitters weirdly through the mullioned windows of the "Wardrobe," and the magnolia gleams wanly from the gables of the King's house where the Merry Monarch brought Sweet Nell. All these bring a breath of the beauty and the romance and the mystery which is around us, illusive, transient, just escaping us, which the old Hebrew sensualist hymned in the line "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength."

To how many western women, as to that eastern singer, has come inspiration from the snows. We are told that the most

famous adventuress known to two continents in the last century sought rest at Darjiling. Mme. Grand's attractions were celebrated from the

Ganges